

Good Morning 306

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

BRITISH FANCIERS BUILDING PEDIGREES

Rode to hounds

ANY of you blokes ever been on a huntin' and shootin' expedition? You have? Right!!! Then I'll wager you've never heard of a chap going hunting on a bull.

Gent who did this hailed from Rawcliffe, near Snaith (Yorks), and although he died over 100 years ago, his name is still a legend in that part of the world.

"Jemmy" Hirst was his name, and he was the son of a local farmer. Many people said "Jem" was a semi-lunatic, but he nevertheless made a fortune out of flax, potatoes and corn.

"Jemmy" had a gift of understanding animals, and when he was only seven he trained a sow to do some amazing tricks and used to ride it bareback!

As he did this when he ought to have been at school, the "gaffer" gave him a sound thrashing, but "Jemmy" got his own back by digging pins in the master's cushion so cleverly that, although they stuck in him when he sat down, he couldn't find any trace of them when he stood up!

"Jemmy's" fondness for animals enabled him to train a bull, which he used for hunting and going to neighbouring villages. He also liked to travel in a wicker-work carriage hauled by four mules and a tame fox.

Quite an inventive lad was "Jemmy". He constructed a land yacht on wheels which bowled along the country roads at an alarming rate.

He came to grief in this, however, when, attempting to round a corner in the old market town of Pontefract, his yacht went slap into a crockery store.

Nothing daunted, "Jemmy" ordered twenty barrels of ale for the delighted bystanders, who hauled "Jemmy" and the yacht to the top of Ferrybridge Hill, where he set off again for home.

"Jemmy" made a flying machine, but when he tried to cross the Humber he fell in the water and narrowly escaped death.

"Jemmy" had other foibles, too. His wicker carriage had more clocks and dials in it than your submarine. Some told him the time, others the speed of the carriage and the mileage. Quite an inventive lad, "Jemmy"!!

He also had his own privately-printed banknotes—worth five halfpence each; and he built an enormous coffin for himself, with folding doors, glass panels and a bell. Having no other use for it at the time, he turned it into a food cupboard!

So notable was "Jemmy's" whims that King George III sent for him. When he reached the court he horrified everyone by grasping the King's hand and saying, "Ee. I'm right glad thart such a plain owd chap!!"

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

on Bull

R. G. Bedford tells
crazy story

"Jemmy's" favourite garb consisted of an otterskin coat, lined with red flannel, a waistcoat of drakes' necks, buskskin breeches, and a hat with a brim nine feet in circumference.

And—despite all his crazy ideas—he died in bed!



PIGEON racing is still going strong these days despite the birds' war work.

Birds are being mated. Before long young birds will be hatched and fanciers all over the kingdom will give to their lofts all the leisure they can.

Pigeon-rearing is as important in time of war, for the Forces draw heavily on home lofts to make good the casualties among birds flying in the battle skies in many parts of the world.

Birds of prey are not the only enemies to-day of the pigeons bearing to Naval and Army headquarters the vital information so anxiously awaited. There are the bullets of enemy marksmen as alertly on the look-out for the winged messengers as the snipers are for a human head exposed incautiously in a split trench.

The Lake district takes a prominent place in the pigeon racing world largely because the birds reared and trained there possess a hardihood not common to all their kind.

During the season many of the Cumberland pigeons are obliged to fly over the mountain ranges, where lurk the peregrine and the merlin, the quickest and savagest of our English hawks, waiting to strike down the birds to provide food for their young sprawling in a nest on a rocky ledge in the crags.

I have been amazed while rock climbing to come across heaps of identification rings which owners put on their bird's legs—grim testimony of the powers of the pigeons' chief foes in the British sky.

It is not to be assumed that the peregrine and merlin kill every racing pigeon they pursue. I have seen pigeons after two or three hundred miles' flight strong and lively enough to elude their enemies and to anticipate their every attacking manoeuvre, to side-step, as it were, rocket-like swoops and to resume, unruffled, their journey to their home lofts.

Few there are of Cumberland's population of 20,000 racing pigeons which have not at some time during their three or four years old careers had

to stall off the attacks of their faster foes.

The racing pigeon, its home instincts conquering its fear, exhibits a disregard of the danger it has to face while crossing the mountain ranges. Yet, curiously enough, the pigeon, sitting on the platform of its loft, cowers when he observes a hawk in the sky. Owners do not, of course, know of the presence high in the sky of the peregrine or merlin.

The pigeon's sight is greater

than human sight, and it is also quicker. Only when his birds cower is an owner aware of the death watch being kept by the hawks on his loft. Literally, a peregrine comes like a bolt from the blue. I once saw a peregrine behead a gull with its razor-like talons near a loft. None of the company there at the time had suspected that a hawk was in the offing.

The clouds on the mountain ranges are also accountable for a heavy mortality among Lake District racing pigeons. On unfavourable days, when the heights are blanketed by mists and are swept by gales, some

land blood improves the endurance and the courage of the birds which pursue their careers in less rigorous circumstances. At present, of course, pigeon racing is confined to this country. For North country pigeons the longest flight is from Penzance. That is the pigeon Derby in time of war. Not until France is liberated can the Derby race from Nantes of 520 miles be resumed. At what speed Cumberland pigeons fly depends upon the weather. With a tail wind a speed of a mile a minute is not uncommon. A winning Cocker-

of the wiser birds will break their journey to lodge temporarily in a sheltered place on the crags, but many, however, pass on to reach their lofts, and days may pass before they are restored to their owners by shepherds or fell-farmers who have come across them.

It may be seen, therefore, why the Cumberland racing pigeon is highly esteemed by the Forces, and by fanciers in the Midlands and in the South eager to improve their own strain. A dash of Cumber-

JOHN MULLER REPORTS PIGEON RACING TO-DAY

land blood improves the endurance and the courage of the birds which pursue their careers in less rigorous circumstances.

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land blood improves the endurance and the courage of the birds which pursue their careers in less rigorous circumstances.

The start of an international race

mouth bird flew from Rennes, 480 miles distant, at the rate of 1,820 yards a minute, but in the year following, when there was a head-wind to battle against, the winning speed was only 891 yards a minute.

The mountain route is not the only one followed. If conditions are favourable, pigeons fly the coast route up Morcambe Bay and the Solway Firth. Even there, however, they are not immune from the forays of peregrine scanning the sky from their eeries in the sea cliffs.

The agony of the owner hoping that his pigeon may win a club race, or open race, is by no means over when he spies his bird returning and starts to whistle it into the loft. However, gentle, or firm, their training has been, pigeons possess idiosyncrasies that are exasperating, and at times, vital to chances of success. For the bird has yet to be caught, and let there be one discordant, or disturbing circumstance in the vicinity, such as, say, a barking dog or a boisterous child, a pigeon may be disinclined to enter.

Inside the loft all has been blacked-out to assist the catching. That accomplished, the owner takes off the ring and inserts it in an unfakable clock, which registers the split-second, minute, hour and day of its arrival for the inspection of the club committee, and the pigeon, after its flight, gets a tit-bit it knows is its due. A spot of hemp seed is a delicacy as dear to a pigeon as a piece of liver is to a winning trail hound.

The rearing of pigeons, their training and management, requires a great deal of patience and time. As the birds have reared their first nestlings, usually by the end of April, they throw out the first primary feather of their wing. A new feather to replace it is not fully grown for a month longer, and until that is over the bird is not in a position to race. Even then the trials of the owner are not ended.

The next job is to delay the natural moult until the racing season is over in September. Accordingly, a second lot of nestlings are taken from the bird, and so the moult is delayed. If this were not done the pigeons would shed another of their primaries, and a pigeon with a second gap in its wing is not unlike an aeroplane with a damaged propeller, or minus a blade in a propeller.

The young birds, known as "squeakers," are worth to-day from one guinea to two guineas. A good pedigree bird cannot be bought for less than 5 to 12 guineas.

Is there money in the game? Well, here and there are fanciers employing two loft-men and yet able to clear a net £500 per annum.

ALL HOT AND TASTY O/S DENIS LEADBEATER

SHROVE TUESDAY has happy memories for you, Ordinary Seaman Denis Leadbeater. Pancake Day, you know!

It was Pancake Day when we paid a visit to your home, 30, Elm-street, Cobridge, Stoke-on-Trent, the first one you have spent away from home. Mother was just taking the pancakes out of the pan, and we caught your little eight-years-old sister, Doreen, squeezing the juice of a real

No, it was not a lemon, it was the juice of an orange she was squeezing on the pancakes. Lemons were expected in your district, but had not made it in time for the pancakes.

But wait a minute, there's something more important to you than pancakes. Dad is wanting to get a word-in.

"Tell Denis," he said "that I am getting on fine after my operation. I have had a tough time, son, as you know, but I am better now than I have been for years. We'll be able to have some happy times when you come home on leave. We would like to hear your voice in the Navy programme on the wireless. Don't be afraid to let the boys know you can sing."

And mother wants you to know that your old pal, "Paddy," is still fighting fit, and ready to give you a special tail wag when you come home.

And, oh, the white canary,

"Peter," the one you claimed as your very own, is saving a lot of tweet-tweets for you.

While we were there he was joyfully jabbering something which sounded very much like "Denis, Denis." And Doreen wants to thank you for the picture book your Mum gave to her in your name. You can see

her reading it, with the help of "Paddy."

We must not forget Irene. She was busy on her war work when we called, but her love comes just the same, with that from Dad, Mum, Doreen, Paddy and Peter. Good Hunting!



J.S. Newcombe's Short odd—but true

The New York democratic movement known as Tammany sprang out of an old benevolent society named after an Indian chief. It exerts a powerful influence over political movements in the State, and is utterly corrupt. The leaders of Tammany, who generally grow into wealthy men during their term of office, appoint their nominees to every important office, and exact bribes for concessions and privileges.

The ocelot, whose fur is much worn by women and resembles leopard, is usually called the leopard cat. It is quite common in the Southern States of America, in Mexico and Brazil. Measuring about four feet in length, including tail, it is very destructive to weaker animals. It doesn't eat them, but sucks their blood.

The Maçon and Dixon's line, quoted sometimes in American songs, is the boundary line separating the old slave States of America from the free State of Pennsylvania. It was drawn by two English surveyors, Charles Maçon and Jeremiah Dixon, between 1763 and 1767.



THE BIG BAD BEAR.

This is Jack London, of Northern Ontario, who, spurning modern weapons, shot a 400lb. bear, which lies at his feet, with a 28in. steel-tipped arrow. The bear persistently stole food from the cook-house of a road construction camp; one day he wrecked a kitchen and made off with a huge joint of meat. Permission was granted for London to destroy him, and so he did—with his 6ft. bow and its 80lb. pull, at 20 yards range.

To-day's Brains Trust

A WELL-KNOWN Dance Band Leader, a Composer of orchestral music, a Professor of Music, and a Physicist, whose special province is acoustics, discuss:—

Why is serious music played only on the old types of instrument? Violins, oboes, horns, etc., are old inventions, and science has produced a number of new ones. Why are these never used by the big orchestras? Is it that the old types cannot be bettered?

Professor: "Of course, the old types were themselves new once, but when they were new they were not very good. They have been bettered through the centuries, though perhaps not perfected."

"It takes a long time to perfect an instrument, and it is not clear why we should want to start all over again with the scientific inventions of the present century."

"If these are ever perfected, they will cease to be novel by the time that is done, and their sole claim to attention will have vanished."

Composer: "The quality of tone of the new instruments is different from that of the old. The radio-organ, for instance, gives a remarkably pure note, though I understand that it is only a controlled 'howl.'"

"A similar pure note was emitted by the flame-organ, in which the sound was produced by singing gas-jets."

The celesta, again, gives remarkably pure tones, and may be compared with a piano whose wires have been replaced by tuning-forks.

"In short, most inventors are not musicians, and imagine that what musicians would most prize is an instrument giving the purest possible tones. But to a musician a pure tone, such as is given by a tuning-fork, is totally lacking in interest."

Band Leader: "I disagree. I think the pure tones of the celesta are delicious. If they do nothing else, they give variety in an orchestra."

"One new instrument which has been adopted by dance bands, and even scored for in big orchestral works, is the saxophone."

"And I think the reason is just because it gives such an interesting variety of sounds."

Physicist: "As a matter of fact, the saxophone dates from the last century, and is scarcely younger than the piano. But it is wrong to imagine that the inventors are aiming only at pure tones. The old instruments suffer severe disabilities, especially in the concert-hall."

"Not only do violin strings snap, but all the instruments—I think, without exception—get out of tune as the concert proceeds."

"Strings and wires stretch, while the wind instruments give different notes as the air

in the hall warms up. The effect is different for different instruments, and to a sensitive ear an orchestra which begins playing in perfect tune may finish up very badly 'out.'"

"Good musicians can adjust themselves to the changing conditions, but that is a strain which the new instruments obviate. They are not affected by the atmosphere of the concert-hall."

Composer: "An instrument which would stay in perfect tune under all conditions would certainly be a boon, but I suppose it is just a misfortune that those so far invented produce only pure tones."

"The beauty of a violin or a piano lies in the fact that each note played really consists of a whole set of notes superimposed on one another."

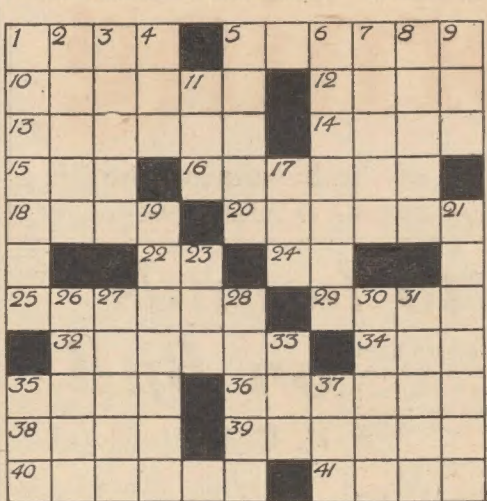
"The effects of harmony and discord depend entirely upon this quality, and we cannot do without it, whatever else we have to put up with."

Professor: "Yet pure-tone instruments may do very well for dance music and other compositions whose chief appeal lies not so much in the harmony as in the rhythm."

"We may, therefore, not be surprised to find the new instruments in use in small popular orchestras long before they reach the perfection necessary for rendering the really great works."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Stout leather. 5 Pens.



10 Attack.
12 Not valid.
13 Played leisurely.
14 Salver.
15 Drink.
16 Strong.
18 Think.
20 Indian.
22 Time of day.
24 Arithmetical symbol.
25 Extends.
29 Female animal.
32 He wrote "Faust."
34 Bulge.
35 Storage building.
36 Medicinal plant.
38 Scottish island.
39 Unmarried.
40 Goes furtively.
41 Cheeky.

SHARP BLISS
COD ORIENT
REALM NEGRO
U GUARD LAD
BRENDA MEND
E CELLO G
LATH PATTER
ASH THROW E
DOUCE DRILL
ENDORSE SEA
SON DITTY

CLUES DOWN.

11 Paying guest. 2 Excessive. 3 Construct. 4 Fustiness. 5 A cry. 6 Intervening. 7 Diverges. 8 Cause to rejoice. 9 Cunning. 11 Little drink. 17 Not gently. 19 Crimson. 21 Graceful. 23 Paid up. 26 Once more. 27 Language. 28 Feigns. 30 Remain. 31 Fast car. 33 Space of time. 35 Vehicle. 37 Go nimbly.

floor for each day of the week—moving up with each succeeding day.

Perhaps even this house does not equal that of the famous Marx Brothers in Hollywood, which, though built on only two floors, has escalators in place of stairs. The house also has a sound-proof room which Harpo uses for his harp practice, and a gadget which has been the dream of many of us during the recent cold spell—electric buttons for closing the windows while in bed.

A stranger visiting Ebenezer Cottage in Rochdale would without a doubt find the "decorations" a little bewildering at first, ranging as they do from oyster shells to broken pots and pans! It has been the hobby of Mr. Halstead, the occupier, to include all sorts of odds and ends into the decorative scheme, with the result that one finds cemented into his walls almost every kind of broken china and ornament that it is possible to imagine.

A ganger and his family



who live over the Clayton Tunnel, on the London-to-Brighton line, can truthfully say that their home is their castle. At least, it is built to represent a castle, which may account for the fact that 300 trains passing daily have not yet shaken the place to pieces.

Non-payment of rates or taxes would mean a temporary change of address for most of us... but at Worcester it was the TAX-COLLECTORS who once found themselves in prison! But not for ignoring the "final notice." The local prison buildings having been turned into offices, they all found themselves there in their official capacities.

QUIZ for today

1. A dentex is a false tooth, part of a piano, weed, fish, young otter, architectural ornament?
2. Who wrote Lord Jim, (b) Lord Raingo?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Ravel, Rachmaninoff, Rubenstein, Rossini, Rigoletto, Respighi.
4. What character demanded his "pound of flesh"?
5. What famous song was composed by Rouget de Lisle?
6. What is the distance from London to New York by air?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Nonentity, Nocturnal, Nones, Nonpareil, Nonce, Nuetral?
8. What king commanded the sea to go back?
9. What instrument does Mischa Elman use?
10. Coming up the Thames from the sea, which is the first bridge you meet?
11. What is the capital of Tasmania?
12. Name four poets whose names begin with B.

Answers to Quiz in No. 305

1. Sword.
2. (a) Boswell, (b) DeFoe.
3. Birmingham is not a port; others are.
4. Lady Macbeth.
5. Leicester-square Underground station; 161 feet long, rising 80 feet.
6. August 12.
7. Purlicus, Purview.
8. London and Paris.
9. Coleridge-Taylor.
10. Shove-ha'penny.
11. Duke of Wellington.
12. Brown, Bevin, Beaverbrook, Bracken.

The Englishman's Home

IF we take the literal meaning of the phrase, then the Englishman's home may be anything but a castle.

The house of the late Lord Caillard in Belgravia was once a Presbyterian chapel. This strange house was converted by Sir Vincent himself and was known as "The Belfry." Among the many unusual settings which one finds there is the organ which dominates the upper half of the entrance hall. This hall was the original chancel, and the ceiling is constructed of aluminium foil. The chapel bell, which once summoned people to service, now serves

as a very efficient burglar alarm!

There are few people who would change dwellings with a lighthouse keeper, but Sir James Purves Stewart evidently isn't one of them. His home at Eastbourne is a converted lighthouse, complete with lantern chamber. This part of the house particularly interested their Majesties the King and Queen on one occasion during a visit, for the lantern chamber now serves as a solarium.

A lighthouse also forms the sea coast home of a Viscount at Yarmouth. The original

house is close upon 300 years old.

A problem-house which is still occupied at Mewagissey was specially built for smugglers escaping from justice. It has three main staircases and a front door in the roof! Certainly rather confusing for the pursuers.

Another strange seaside dwelling was that chosen by an American millionaire, who lived for 36 years in a yacht anchored off Brightlingsea. While he was there his ship always had steam up ready for sailing—but the boat never moved.

Knockholt House, in Kent,

has a tower 117 feet high, which commands an excellent view of London. The house was built in the eighties by a merchant who made architecture his hobby, and is actually one mansion built over another. The outer wall contains another, four feet thick, and an old storehouse within these walls has strength enough to withstand a siege. The house has no chimneys, all the smoke from the fires going to the tower, which acts as a central smoke-stack. A feature of the building is the amount of steel used in its construction, which was unusual for the period.

In these war days it is unlikely that many people find their A.R.P. shelters sufficiently comfortable to be induced to forsake the comforts of the lounge for them. But a Stockport man evidently found a similar dwelling quite convenient. For several years he occupied a dug-out beneath a tree, lined with corrugated iron, and to all intents and purposes he was quite comfortable.

Alexandria possesses what must surely be the strangest house yet built, for it only has one main wall. The second storey sticks out like a balcony, yet the house is fitted with every modern convenience.

From houses with one room and one wall to a mansion with dozens of rooms and seven storeys is rather a far cry, but such is the house of a builder in the Midlands, who uses one

WANGLING WORDS—261

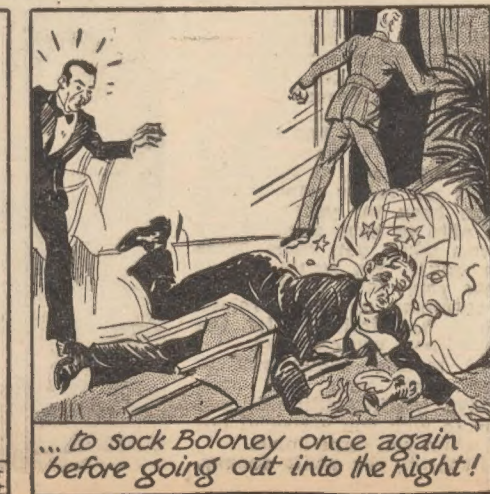
1. Put stormed into TIAN and make an actor.
2. Rearrange the letters of MY ROOM GENT and make a British General.
3. Altering one letter—at a time and making a new word with each alteration, change: COLD into HASH, CASH into COIN, LONG into ODDS, HARD into CASH.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from ENTERTAINMENT?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 260

1. FashION.
2. PAUL ROBESON.
3. NOSE. NONE, DONE, DOVE, DIVE.
DROP, CROP, COOP, COOT, BOOT, BOON, BORN, BARN, DARN, DAWN, DOWN.
ASH, ASP, ALP, ALL, ILL, ILK, ELK, ELM.
PEACE, PLACE, PLANE, PLANS, CLANS, CRANS, CRAMS, TRAMS, TEAMS, TERMS.
4. Note, Tone, Rate, Tear, Mine, Nine, Time, Rent, Tern, None, Term, Mint, Time, Emit, Item, Tile, Tore, Rote, Mote, Mite, More, Roam, Main, Moan, etc.
Miner, Trine, Nitre, Merit, Train, Ratio, Remit, Mitre, Meant, Taint, Tenon, Tenor, Totem, Minor, Manor, Roman, Timer, Tamer, Orate, etc.



JANE



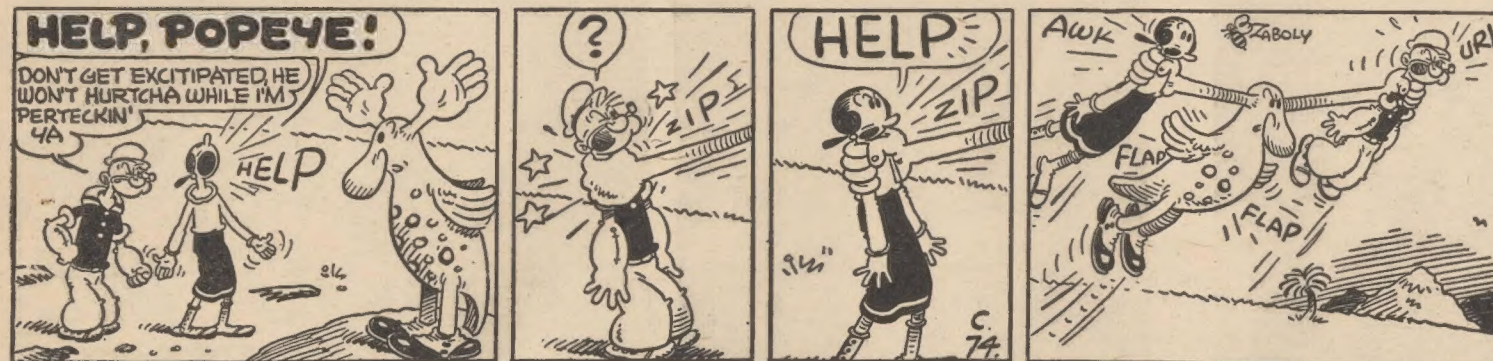
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



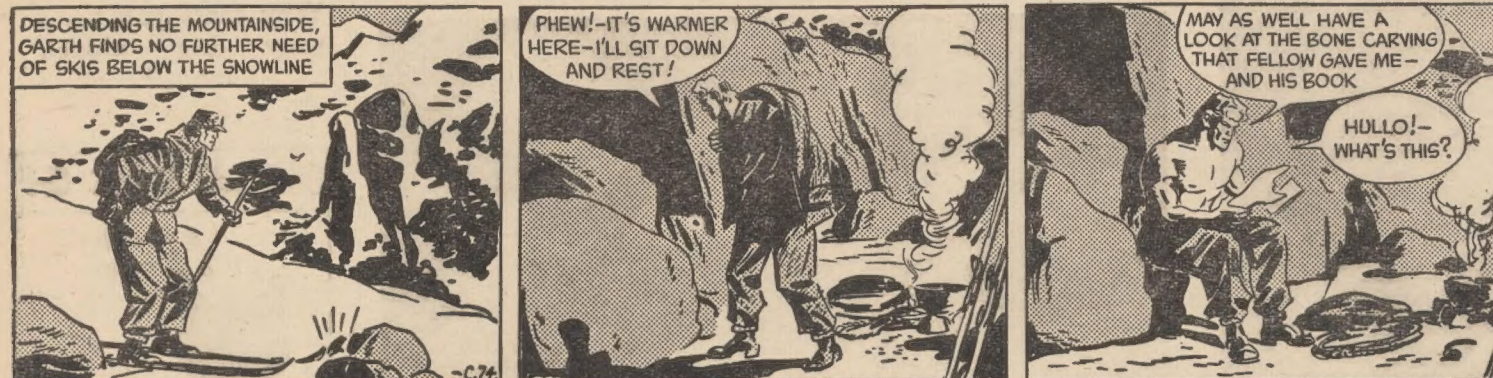
POPEYE



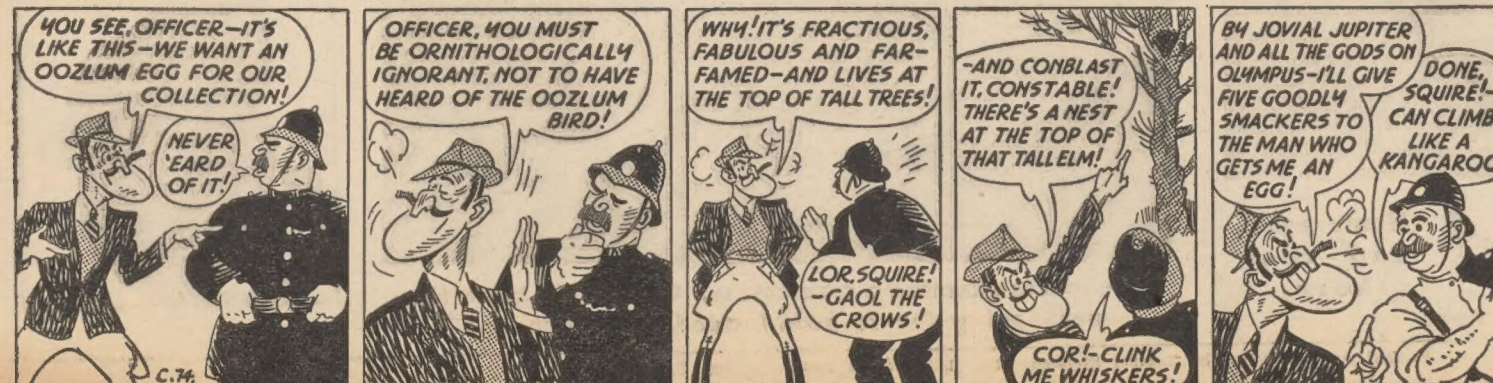
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

HOMES for all, worked by push-the-button methods, is Lord Woolton's aim as Minister of Reconstruction, he told the Parliamentary and Scientific Committee in London.

He said that only by the fullest use of scientific knowledge would we be able to meet the estimated demands for houses, which he regarded as the most urgent of all post-war needs.

Of electricity, he said: "In any plan for the post-war world we expect to make great strides to ensure that this form of illumination will be generally available."

"I hope that we shall see it on the farm as in the factory, in the cottage as in the villa." Seems Wells's "Things To Come" are coming—at last!



IT is singularly amusing that Bod Osborne, of "Girl Pat" fame, with the rank of R.N.R. skipper, to-day has the job of teaching men of the Royal Navy how to handle small invasion craft at a Combined Operations base.

It was in 1937 that he sailed the tiny ship "Girl Pat" 32,000 miles with the aid of a schoolboy's atlas.

The experience he acquired then forms the basis of his instruction to invasion men.



The war-time chapter of Osborne's story opened when he got a job as a motor-cyclist courier.

Doing his job in the London blitzes had its thrills, but he found the urge to get into the Navy too strong to resist.

"I volunteered as an ordinary seaman and was accepted," Osborne told me, "and I plumped for the trawler branch, and hoped that my identity would not be discovered, but I was recognised."

Osborne is not serving in the Navy for the first time. He was at Zeebrugge.



SYDNEY, I see, has impressive immigration plans and after-war preparations to attract British industries to Australia.

From London and other places, immigration officials have been recalled for consultation, and it is a foregone conclusion that passage money, with other forms of assistance, for thousands of settlers from Britain will be given.

Government machinery is clicking furiously with the new "invasion plans," based on Mr. Curtin's statement that Australia could not expect to hold indefinitely a large continent with a small population and declining birth-rate.

Fact-finding committees are framing the programme for assistance to the right types of settlers. Machinery is being created to establish a large headquarters to deal with applicants.



THAT village stocks should be the punishment for petty crimes, such as stealing a ride on a bicycle, was suggested by Major M. Beames at a meeting of the Cheshire Standing Joint Committee.

In many instances, he said, cycle "thefts" were only cases of people stealing a ride.

The committee passed a resolution urging the Home Office to introduce legislation to make the stealing of a ride on a cycle an offence.

How silly of the Major! There wouldn't be any point in stocks in these fruit- and fishless days.



A TRUE romance... William Dance got the woman of his dreams and they wed at Salem Church, Romford. Bill tells how he did it:

"I met her, liked her, and so I gave her some of my peppermint drops."

He's 76; she's 74.

See?

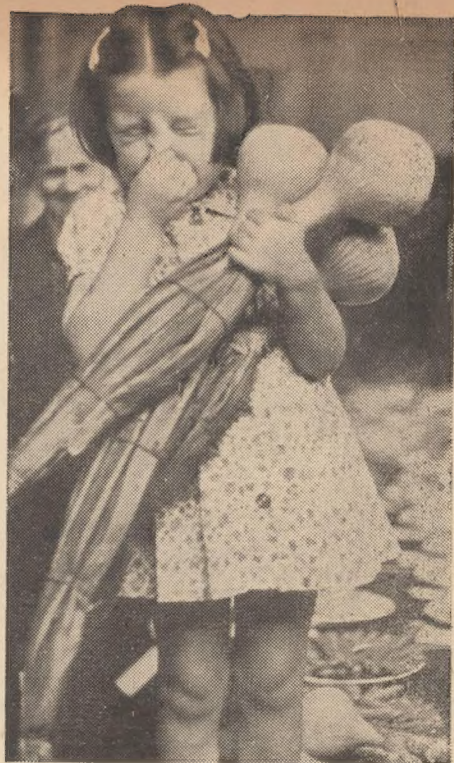
Ron Richards

Good Morning

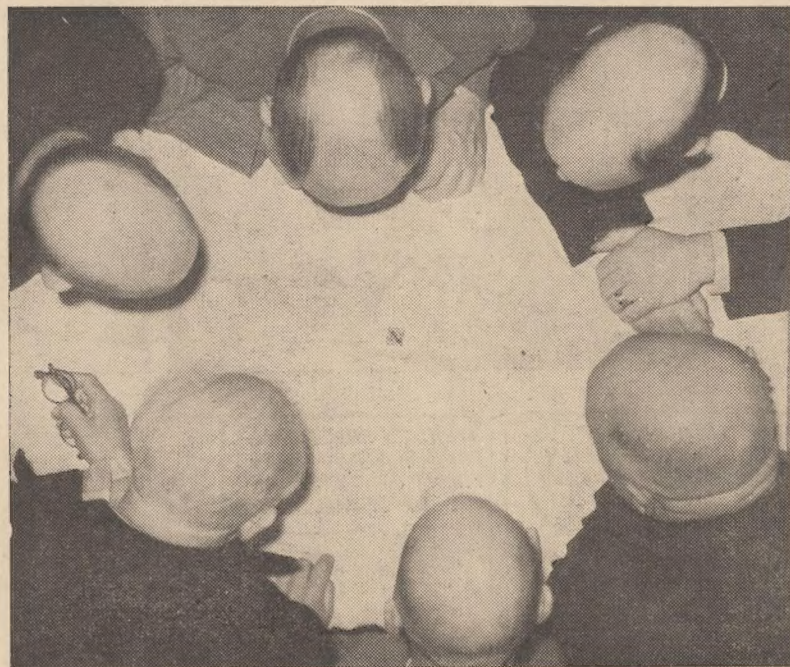
NOW IF I HAD
LEFT IT LIKE
THIS . . .



IT'S AN
ILL
WIND
THAT . . .



"Do you know I could have
wept, when I won that
prize."



Six experts examine a rare stamp. One would think they
were going for it bald-headed, wouldn't one?



Why can't you keep
your big mouth
shut?

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"A yawning
chasm."



This England

Home again,
and crew
ashore. A
scene at Maidstone Wharf, Kent.